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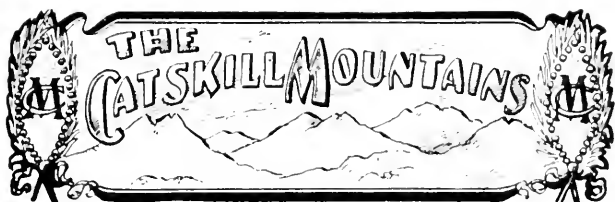
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The Summer vacation is no longer a fad, but a necessity; no longer a mere luxury for the rich, but an inestimable reality for the poor. No man or woman will care to contradict these statements in these opening years of the new century. From every point of view they will be freely conceded. To ignore the fact is madness that can be indulged in only at the peril of the transgressor. If such a vacation a hundred, or even fifty years ago, was less important or imperative to the people of that period, it was because of the different conditions in social and business life that prevailed in those days of moderation and comparative composure. No such tension of human existence, no such hustling competition, nor any of the hot conflicts that now dominate the efforts of men and women in every walk of life were even dreamed of in the days of our ancestors. Nor is the average man or woman of to-day more liberally endowed with strength or resistance than at that time. Neither in brain nor physique do we find any material change in normal conditions. We must, therefore, meet the exigency of the situation by the conservation of forces. There must be a time for rest and relaxation, complete and unreserved; a period in which to regain and build up lost energy and vital force. This is the sanitary aspect of the vacation on its practical and serious side. Natural laws cannot be set aside with impunity.

But there is also another phase, and it pertains more directly to the aesthetic side of our nature. We need change, and cannot live on monotony or systematic routine. Every one of the five senses needs a new diet and a change of regime. This cannot be had in the atmosphere or horizon of the town home, even with an entire cessation of work or business. All must be changed—the air, the scenery, the environment, the room, the food, the people we meet, the sounds we hear; all these must be different, to make the rest complete and secure the benefits desired. These things we have learned during recent years, and there are still other lessons in the ethics of a Summer vacation which are being studied by careful observers and scientists.

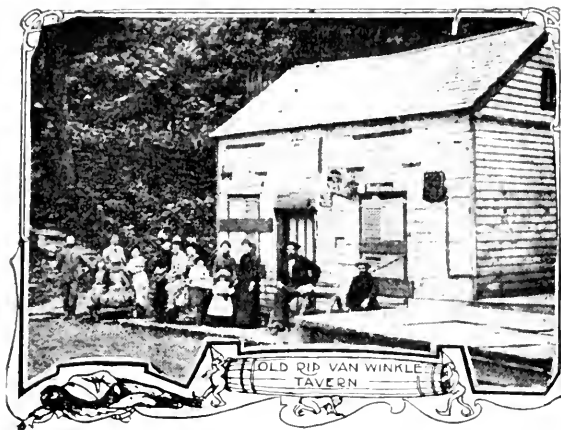
Just where it is best to spend this vacation and the reasons for it, or in what particular month it should be taken, and how long it should last, are matters not within the purview of this book. Assuming here that the reader of this Guide wants to go to a mountain resort, the Catskill Mountains especially, and is not wholly familiar with the region, the effort will be to assist him by giving needed information. He wants to know where and what they are, what they look like, and how to reach the leading points; what can be seen there, and where to look; what it costs to stay a week, or a month, and a host of other things which are so often hidden by interrogation points to the inquiring new visitor. Information of this character will be found interspersed between the handsome pictures of this Guide.

There is no more picturesque mountain region on the globe than these romantic Catskills. No matter in what land the search is made, the verdict must be the same. On the west bank of the Hudson River, and some ten or more miles away, about ninety miles north of New York City, some of the more prominent crags of the eastern part of the range come into view, towering abruptly from their base far up into the sky line. The bold slopes in the distance, rocky and well wooded, here rise to the height of nearly 4,000 feet in some cases, most of those in sight being over 3,000 feet in the air.

That the Catskills are a spur of the great Appalachian Mountain System, which extends from Maine to Alabama, need hardly be stated for the information of the reader of average intelligence. They cover a superficial area of 2,400 square miles. There



are peaks innumerable, three of which are over 4,000 feet high, and many others over 3,000 feet. These individual peaks differ in physical structure and plastic form, and present erratic geological features not found in other mountain formations. The rock is piled-up strata in the original horizontal position, instead of the usual folds or segments. This has given rise to a vast



amount of theory and speculation among geologists and other scientific men as to the method of formation. But the best authorities are inclined to agree that they are due to the action of water and the erosive forces of glacial action rather than volcanic upheaval or eruption.

The first glimpse the traveller gets of the Catskills, coming up the Hudson, whether by boat or train, is at Kingston. Then these prominent peaks loom up in the western sky for twenty-five or thirty miles, extending somewhat above Catskill Village. He will now see three large white structures near the crests of as many different peaks. The one on the left, furthest south, is the once famous Overlook Mountain Hotel, which stands over 3,000 feet above tide, and commands one of the most extended views of river, valley and plain to be found in the range. But the house is no longer open, because of the difficulty of access—not because it is more difficult to reach now than it was twenty years ago, except for the neglected roads approaching the crest; but in these days of railroads visitors will no longer ride in stages, even to mountain resorts. Some day not far in the future, when the steel rails are stretched over these eight miles from the Ulster & Delaware trains at West Hurley, this famous mountain will become the most popular Summer resort in the Catskills.

The larger building, or group of buildings, seen next toward the right is the great Hotel Kaaterskill on Kaaterskill Mountain; almost a village in itself, and the largest mountain hotel in the world. This is one of the most famous resorts in the Catskills, a brilliant scene of gayety and fashion, with every modern appliance for comfort, pleasure and luxury. The third structure is the old Catskill Mountain House, that pioneer of all mountain resorts, which now opens for its eighty-first season, and is known all over the world. It is a familiar white landmark, with its tall Corinthian columns, as seen from the Hudson for over three-quarters of a century. These houses are in full view from Kingston Union Depot, and also from the river above Kingston Point.

If the tourist has journeyed up the glorious Hudson by either of the palatial steamers New York or Albany, of the Day Line, which left the city after breakfast, or by that fleet river greyhound, the Mary Powell, which arrives at Kingston early in the evening, he will in either case take the mountain train for the hills.



In behalf of the sail on the river, it should be said that it is the finest inland water trip to be had in the wide world. The broad, deep flowing river, with its unceasing panorama of scenic beauty on either bank, the trim lawns and magnificent villas of millionaires in every mile, its cities, villages, hamlets and factories, the far-famed Pallsades, and anon the rocky grandeur of the erratic green Highlands as they arise abruptly toward the sky, almost from the vessel's keel at times, the sinuous course of the channel, and later the more gentle and sloping margins with the sunny and fertile orchards of the choicest fruit farms in America—all this and vastly more is freely spread in this Summer feast before the admiring traveller on these breezy Hudson River decks, while he drinks in the invigorating air.

This river trip to the Catskills covers the most interesting part of the Hudson. The stream above Catskill is less impressive and the banks lose scenic interest.

Those having fewer minutes to devote to these intervening miles, or more scanty admiration of nature perhaps, will save time by travelling in the trains, and satisfy themselves with car-window glimpses. This would be more endurable if the air was not vitiated by the consumption of bituminous coal in the locomotives.

But whether one lands at Kingston or Catskill the mountain train must pull him up among the hills of the sky. Starting from home in the cars, he may remain seated without change, if the proper train has been selected, even until his destination has been reached, unless it be a stage ride away from the railway. This is, however, possible only by the Kingston route, and the trains on the Ulster & Delaware System. The trains from Catskill Village and landing involve several transfers for the higher resorts. The choice between these routes is an open question which need not be discussed here. Much depends upon the particular point of destination and various other conditions; and the traveler, having the facilities of each route set forth, can best decide for himself.

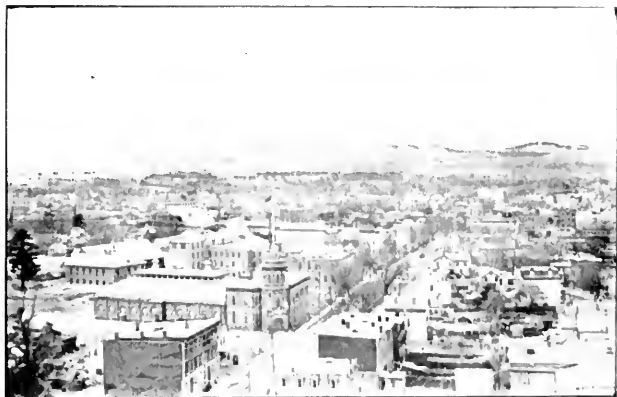
Both routes are favored, and the old-time animosity has now settled into good-natured rivalry, resulting in a fair and legitimate division of the traffic, to the comfort and convenience of visitors.

Those desiring to prolong the river sail will land at Catskill. For parlor cars and through trains Kingston must be the diverging point.





Starting from Kingston Point, where the steamer has been left, the Ulster & Delaware mountain train is found waiting with a full modern equipment for comfortable travel. Passing up to the mainland and through the most unattractive part of Kingston City, the Union Depot is soon reached. Here the Ulster & Delaware intersects the West Shore and the Wallkill Valley railways, making this the liveliest and most important station on the entire line of the West Shore road. In addition to these trains from the river, there are others which are transferred directly from the West Shore to the Ulster & Delaware track, and are taken up solid, without change. The time of the best trains from New York to Kingston is about two and a quarter hours; thence to the Kaaterskill it takes about one hour and forty minutes more, only forty minutes being required to reach Poughkeepsie. Railway men tell us this time could be reduced with a train of ordinary length, but they are obliged to so arrange their schedules as to cover the longer trains that must be hauled during the mountain rush.



UPPER KINGSTON—CATSKILLS IN BACKGROUND.

Taking our seat in the Ulster & Delaware train at Kingston, we are soon speeding over the rich lowlands bordering the Esopus Creek in the northern limits of the city, getting a hasty glimpse, perhaps, if on the left side of the car, of the old Senate House, where New York State was born, and passing the eastern terminal of the new Port Jervis and Kingston branch of the New York, Ontario & Western Railway. The elegant new station building, freight house and coal pockets will be seen on the left.

A short iron bridge carries us over the Esopus Creek, with which we now part company for some time, while it takes a long reach to the left. Here our mountain climb begins at once,

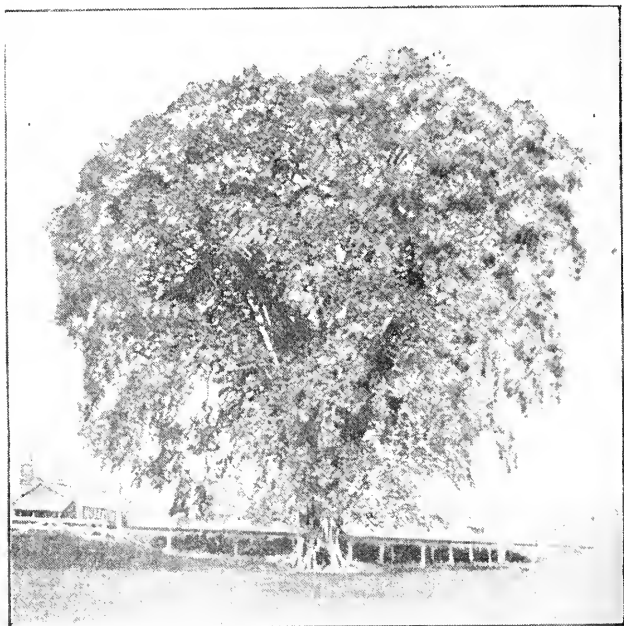
with the valley and roadway on the right. If we have been fortunate enough to secure seats on that side of the car, the wisdom of the choice will soon appear. During the forty miles of the ascent to the summit in Ulster County, the valley, with all its interesting features, is continually on the right, through all the windings of the train. But there are many passengers, and the seats on the left must also be occupied. If those familiar with the scenery would content themselves on that side and allow the strangers to see things at their best, it would be a kindly courtesy greatly appreciated. But to wait for this is not advisable.

As we proceed the change of air becomes apparent, it is cooler, stronger and purer at every mile. And were it not for the soft coal still used on the engine (to make steam rapidly, they say) one might enjoy every inch of the journey.

Leaving the river at Catskill Landing, twenty-five miles further north, one must take the narrow-gauge trains on the Catskill Mountain road and then transfer at the base of the mountain to the Otis Elevating Line and its connections for Haines Falls and Tannersville. But there is much of interest and beauty along the way, especially through the rocky glen known as "Austin's Glen," along the Catskill Creek and over the fertile meadows of Leeds. A night upon the river by the fine steamers of the Catskill Evening line, and an early morning train to the mountains, is a very popular route with many visitors for the Greene County section of the range.

These steamers leave New York at an early hour of the evening, and they are elegantly appointed. The Onteora and the Kaaterskill are electrically lighted, having their saloons on the main deck and being provided with every modern fitting. They are also among the speediest of the night fleet.

Passengers are also landed at Catskill Point in vast numbers by the steamers New York and Albany of the Day Line, and still others come by the West Shore and New York Central trains.



ELM AT KINGSTON, 250 YEARS OLD.



West Hurby is the first stop of importance, or was, during the popularity of the Overlook Mountain resort, eight miles away and skyward, the last three miles being decidedly up hill. The hotel is distinctly seen from this station, standing out boldly against the sky on that massive crag. It is 3,450 feet high, and commands the best air and the most extended view to be found in the range. The view there begins at one's feet, and includes parts of eight different States. Half way up this mountain is a very comfortable resort always in operation, but a vacant room there is another question. Stages for this and the little village of Woodstock, which intervenes at the base of the mountains, meet the leading trains.



A SPRING IN THE CATSKILLS.

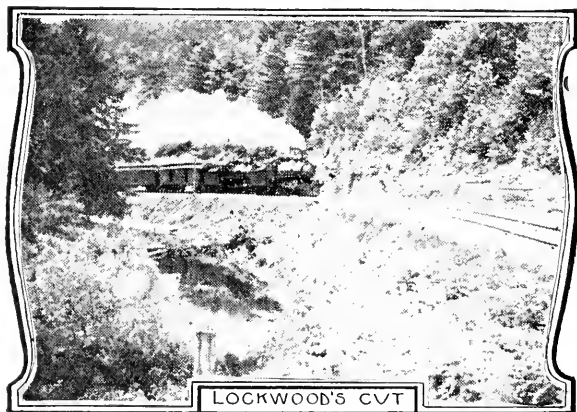
Woodstock is a pretty village five miles from the train, where many visitors enjoy the Summer quietly in the shadow of the lofty Overlook crag. On a spur of that mountain a colony of artists and artisans has lately been established. Several quaint structures, more or less elaborate and ornate in design, have already been completed, and others are in contemplation.

Olive Branch and Brown's are the succeeding waystops on the long, level stretch of track, where the engineer pulls the throttle wide open. Summer boarders with modest purses find rest, health and enjoyment there among the foothills, with mountain climbing and fishing near at hand. We now encounter the old Esopus Creek at Brodhead's, another modest boarding section with varied attractions. Just below, the stream tumbles over the rocks at Bishop's Falls in sublime confusion, and flows through Cathedral Gorge in majestic beauty. Another picturesque mile brings us to Shokan, a very popular Summer section always, but without any large hotel.

We are now right in among the mountains for certain, with peaks rising in the air on every side. The train now begins to dally cautiously with the old creek, so long monarch of the valley; crossing and recrossing the shallow and wayward water in the effort to unbend the curves here and there, and get a comparatively straight track without offending the forces of nature too radically. Mount Pleasant is the next station of importance. A rather large hotel, long established, stands back of the depot, and there are numerous other resorts in this picturesque vicinity, where creeks and brooks, bridges, drives, paths and shady groves abound in pleasing variety.

Phoenicia is next, twenty-eight miles from the Hudson, and about 794 feet above it. In the palmy days of the old Tremper House, which will still be seen on the plateau to the right, it was a popular resort with many visitors. But the large hotel is now converted into a sanitarium, and although Summer boarders are still entertained at other smaller hotels, and about the hamlet generally, the place is mainly a mountain railway centre. At this point the Stony Clove and Kaaterskill branch of the Ulster & Delaware system begins, curving sharply northward over the Esopus from the main line to the right. Here it will be necessary for the traveller to make sure that he is on the right train, or part of the train that goes to the desired point, if he has not already done so at Kingston, which was the proper place to adjust the matter.

Both at Kingston Point Landing and at the Union Depot, on the West Shore, train officials will direct passengers to the proper coaches, and yet annoying mistakes often occur in the hurry and bustle at that lively station.



LOCKWOOD'S CVT



Continuing up the main line at this time, however, it will be seen that we are in a mountain dell with towering peaks close at hand all around. These crags seemed almost to dispute the passage of the train, but the engineers calmly followed the course of the old creek in laying out the road, winding in and out, but always at a respectful distance from it. For it must be remembered that although a comparatively small stream normally, just a bit of sparkling water, trickling slowly over the stones and boulders during most of the Summer season, this Esopus Creek is an erratic thing of giant force in times of flood and freshet. Then it gathers water and force from the massive slopes of a hundred towering crags in a few hours and carries everything down before it, respecting nothing, turning aside for nothing. The princely trout gambols gayly over the pebbly bottoms of the pellucid pools, darting here and there among the gnarled roots and mossy margins, and glistening in the sunlight all Summer long, while the creek ripples languidly on toward the river, singing a glad welcome to every brooklet that pours in its laughing water for the merry run. But the bridges and embankments must be maintained in the Springtime as well. So the melting snows and the torrents of rain must be provided for, although the average mountain visitor sees the stream only in its gentler moods.

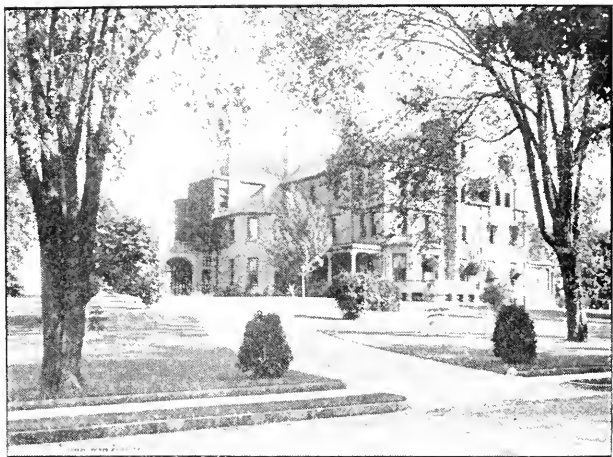
On leaving Phoenicia the valley or mountain pass becomes more narrow and the scenic charm is greatly enhanced. Occasional canyons are seen on either side, walled in almost from the sunlight by rock-ribbed crags thousands of feet high. Among these deep gorges is that of Woodland Valley, or "Snyder Hollow," of the old nomenclature, opening on the left. Of all the charming wildwood passes in the Catskills this is doubtless the most picturesque and beautiful. A little meandering stream and a wagon road always in the foreground at the bottom; an old bridge here and there, and an ancient mill now and then, with bits of crumpled meadow, where the sloping forest permits, and an occasional human habitation of modest proportions at long intervals, with soaring mountain crags on either side at all times, are some of the details of these nine lovely miles, extending to the base of the giant Slide Mountain itself.

Shandaken is the next utterance of importance that comes from the train linguist on the platform. These important officials up here must undergo a satisfactory test in the pronunciation of these Indian names so prevalent in the Catskills. Shandaken has long been a popular Summer region, although there is only one large hotel with modern equipment, but nearly every dwelling in the vicinity is a boarding house in Summer, and there are waiting stages to drive one to Rushville, Lexington, Westkill, Spruce-ton and other adjacent localities.

The succeeding miles are now more crooked than ever because of the vagaries of the creek and the mandates of the mountain

peaks. Big Indian is soon reached, however, and this ends our gradual ascent quite abruptly. We have only climbed 1,212 feet above the Hudson as yet, and most of the way the ascent has been imperceptible. But now the passage is blocked by a mountain headland which cannot be evaded. Nearly 700 feet upward is the alternative, and the train takes only five miles in which to do it.

But while wondering over the problem and allowing the iron horse to "gather its wind," we may also watch the tourists for



RESIDENCE OF S. D. COYKENDALL, KINGSTON.

Slide Mountain, Winnesook Lodge and the lovely Big Indian Valley, as they climb into the stage for that charming drive. This valley opens on the left, and it is another entrancing canyon, where nature has wrought most marvellously. The main branch of the Esopus threads its way in the bottom, shielding the gamy trout in full supply, making the valley a famous fishing section. The road is fairly good, and the placid charms of wildwood and forest make it an ideal region for the Summer cottager, of which there are many already. Small hotels and boarding houses will be found at intervals along the entire eleven miles, which bring one to another base of the great Slide Mountain, the crowning crag of the Catskills, 4,220 feet in the air.





This is probably the best route to reach this famous mountain, which has a comparatively easy ascent, beginning near Whne-sook Lodge, an attractive group of private cottages, reached by the mail stage. Here is a pretty little lakelet, where the Esopus Creek begins. Being on what is known as the "Divide," or summit, of the watershed, one may dip water from this tiny lake and throw it either into the Esopus Creek or the East Branch of the Delaware River. The mountains in this locality are among the loftiest and wildest in the range, Panther, Peakamoose and Table Mountains being only slightly lower than the Slide. Should the climber here see an occasional branch of wild cherry broken partly off, and hanging down, he may know that it is the work of Bruin, for the shaggy brute loves fruit, and he abounds in this part of the range, being successfully trapped and shot in considerable numbers every Winter.

This famous Slide Mountain peak is the grandest crag in all the Catskills, and the ascent should be included in the itinerary of every visitor. The crest is about three miles from the Lodge, half a mile of which can be done in a wagon. An observatory brings the eye far above the spruce forest and over a marvellous scene of transcendent beauty. Jim Dutcher, the noted old guide, will pilot the timid in great shape, feed them at his Panther Mountain House and give them letters from his Slide Mountain Post Office. But the climb is easy and well marked. The superior height of this mountain was unsuspected, and only discovered by accident some twenty-five years ago. A descriptive page might well be devoted to it if the limitations of this guide permitted.

But we are off now for the skyward journey, curving sharply toward the right, and it sounds as though we had two engines engaged in the work. If you can get a position on the rear platform of the last coach at this point, the receding valley will be seen most favorably. Further and further below, the houses, the stream and the roadway become as we ascend along this slope. At length the trim little village of Pine Hill comes into view, far down in the valley, despite its name. The many large hotels, pretty cottages, stores and shops, neat in design, well painted and kept, form a most attractive picture from the train, and there is little wonder that the village has long been one of the most famous and populous in the range. The Rip Van Winkle, Ulster, Mountain Inn, Alpine and Cornish are among the leading hotels. There is beauty all around. Up Birch Creek is the secondary source of the Esopus, which is now left on the Ulster County side of the summit. Many stage loads of jolly visitors always leave the train at the little Pine Hill station, perched here on the slope of Bell Ayr Mountain.

The fine wagon road in this valley, on the right of the train, from Mount Pleasant to Pine Hill, will not have escaped the observant traveller. It was built with State aid and in the

The GRAND HOTEL, Catskill Mountains, N. Y.

"The Leading Hotel of the Catskills."

Every comfort and convenience of a city hotel of the highest grade, in the heart of the Catskill Mountains.



A magnificent resort for health and pleasure, with all accessories for the fullest enjoyment of Summer vacation. Golf Links and Tennis Courts on hotel grounds. Swimming tank of four thousand square feet. Absolutely pure water from celebrated "Diamond" Spring. Culinary department under the personal supervision of the Chef of The Lakewood Hotel, famous for its cuisine.

A "GRAND" GOLF GIRL.

The most accessible hotel in the mountains. Parlor cars and day coaches from New York direct to hotel grounds.

H. E. EDER, Manager.

New York Office, 249 Fifth Ave.

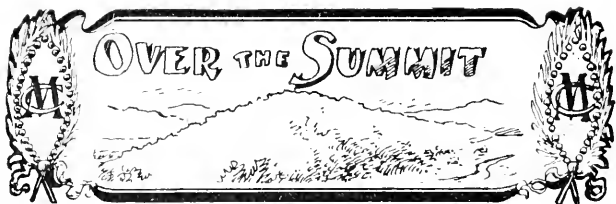
most solid and substantial manner, though at large cost. But it is smooth, hard and permanent at all times, and the residents are justly proud of its enduring character. More miles are now under like construction in this vicinity, and driving has become very popular in this picturesque region. This fine road should be a valuable object lesson to the people over the Summit in Delaware, where permanent road improvement is yet to begin.

But we have yet 226 feet to climb in an air line distance of half a mile. This is done with two miles of track, laid in the form of a double horseshoe. You see the engines from the car window, belching, snorting and groaning under the load, and the front end of the coach is perceptibly the highest. Meanwhile the view down the valley is charming and must not be forgotten. At length the summit is reached, and the mechanical troubles are over. The attractive cottages in Highmount Park, seen first on the right and afterward on the Bell Ayr slope, are owned and occupied by prominent New York and Brooklyn people, including the famous English-American actress, Miss Julia Marlowe, who has lately completed a very handsome home on a breezy site here.

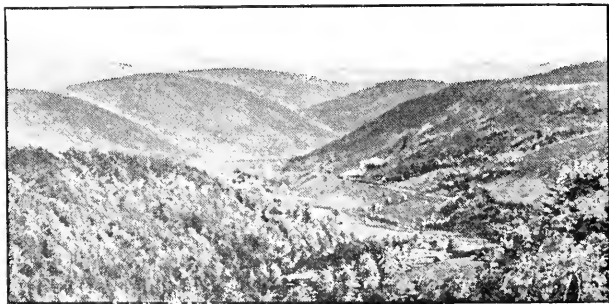
We are now at the summit of the mountain railway, in the Western Catskills, 1,889 feet above tide, and forty-two miles away. It is the station for the New Grand Hotel, which is beautifully situated on a terrace of Summit Mountain, a short ride or walk up the slope on the right, in plain view through the Maple grove. This is much the largest resort in the Western Catskills, and the second largest in the range. It is fully equipped with every modern appliance and well managed. The view of mountain and valley from its breezy piazzas is famous with all Catskill visitors. From the crest of the mountain, 2,489 feet in the air, reached by a short and easy path in the rear of the house, the view is superb and still more extended. Slide Mountain is seen far toward the south, through the beautiful valley where the trains wind in and out. On the west are the checkered farms and the hamlets of Delaware County; almost beneath your feet, as you stand on the overhanging rocks, and far below, is the virgin forest, while north and east are mountains piled on mountains. This airy crest is a broad, open meadow of many acres, where the remains of a race track are visible. It is doubtless the highest meadow in the Catskill range, if not in New York State.

This famous New Grand resort has now passed into a new and more progressive ownership. Mr. Harry E. Eder, of Hotel Kaaterskill and Lakewood fame, has lately purchased the property, and under his careful management its success is assured. Parlor cars direct to the hotel grounds is a pleasing feature of the Grand.





But now the brakes are set, the steam shut off, and down slides the train into the Delaware Valley, reversing the grade found on the eastern slope. In the ravine on the right an occasional trim cottage is seen, and finally at Fleischmann's, a vast group of these Summer homes and other handsome buildings will be greatly admired in this little mountain dell, corresponding to the Pine Hill dell lately passed. But these cottages are more elaborate and costly, with fine lawns and grounds and greater landscape effect. On the slope to the left, not so readily seen from the car, are also many beautiful homes, including those of the Fleischmann family, which began the Summer settlement; Mrs. Anton Seidl, and others. The German element of the wealthier class predominates, although the place itself, formerly known as Griffin's Corners, is an ancient settlement. Its later development is largely due to the enterprise of the Fleischmann brothers and their friends. Several new cottages have been built since last year, and there is much public spirit shown in the management of affairs affecting the comforts of Summer life in general.



PINE HILL VALLEY.

Down the crooked valley, with the East Branch of the Delaware River in its incipient stage on the right, we now proceed. The mountain peaks become less assertive and more sparsely wooded, and the efforts of the mountain farmer are more encouraging. Between the stumps and stones he finds place to put his plough, swing his hoe and plant fruit trees. After four miles of this descent Arkville is reached, and this is the lowest level of the railway in Delaware County, though still 1,372 feet above tide. The station is important because of the converging of tributary regions. The pretty little hamlet of Margaretville, at the base of Mount Pakatakan, below the confluence of Dry Brook and the East Branch, is a drive of a mile and a half

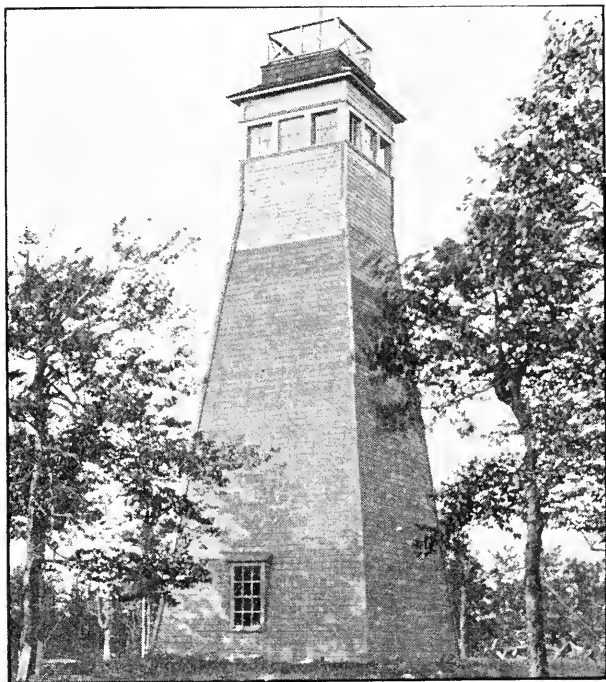
toward the left, and there is a wealth of scenic beauty all about its environment. Artists of renown have found this favored nook in the woods, and built quaint Summer studios there where they spread their easels and work and loaf at will. And's, Shavertown and Downsville are other more distant Delaware sections reached by stage from this point.

The sumptuous Catskill Mountain Summer home of George J. Gould, on Furiough Lake, is a fine seven mile drive from



MINNEHAHA GLEN.

Arkville, and the modest young millionaire often comes up here, riding in the ordinary railway coach, and bounding into a mountain buckboard wagon behind one of his thoroughbred teams, which has been waiting his arrival for the drive to the Lake, if unaccompanied by his family. This entire region is famous for its finny streams, and the mention of Dry Brook means trout to the enthusiastic sportsman. Mr. Gould's beautiful lake is crowded with the speckled beauties, but the fishing there is carefully guarded, being only for himself and friends. Even were it not so, the true sportsman would prefer whipping the



OBSERVATORY, MT. UTSAYANTHA, STAMFORD.

silvery streams where the fish are more gamy and wary and less plenty.

This is also the station for Alder Lake, a fine sheet of mountain water some twelve miles to the southwest. It is owned by Samuel D. Coykendall, president of the Ulster and Delaware Railroad system. He has built a costly Summer residence there, where distinguished men are often entertained, and has expended not far from \$100,000 upon the property.

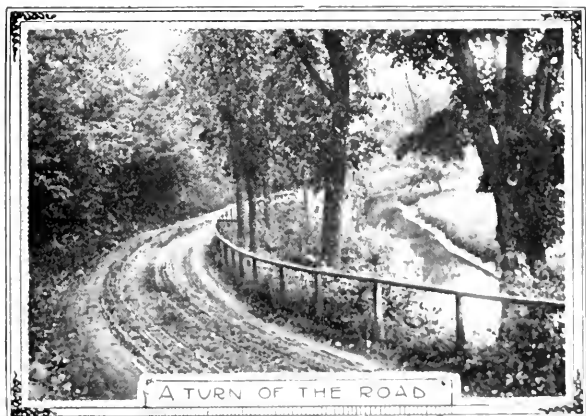


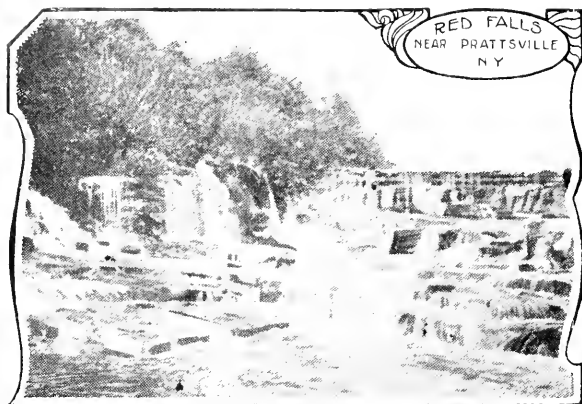
THE DELAWARE VALLEY



We now enter the charming glade known as the valley of the East Branch. The train turns sharply to the right and proceeds on that northwesterly course for about seventeen miles. It is the land of Jersey cows, rich cream and gilt-edge butter, that comes from the succulent grasses that grow luxuriantly on either side of this placid and loitering stream. The narrow vale is comparatively level, but the water, on grace and pleasure bent, flows in winding loops, like a partly tangled ribbon, making a scene of wondrous beauty. This is best seen now from the left of the train, which for the first time becomes the point of vantage for the tourist. This is also the home of the sugar Maple, which grows abundantly on the lower slopes, where its luscious saccharine products are extensively made for market, and also for the delectation of the Summer guest. In the early Spring, Kelly's Corners and Halleotville are successive way-stops of no great importance as Summer resorts.

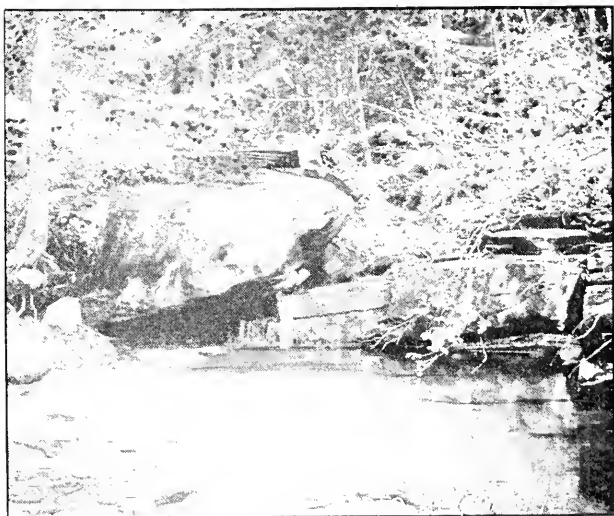
But the old town of Roxbury, where Jay Gould was born, is a favorite place of those in search of quiet rest amid quaint surroundings. It is near the source of this East Branch stream, and over a hundred years old. There are no large hotels, but comfortable Summer entertainment is found in the homes of the residents, who are hospitably inclined and always seem to find room for a limited number of guests. The ornate and imposing granite structure, seen over across the stream, on the right, soon after leaving the station, is the Gould Memorial Church, erected in memory of her father by Miss Helen M. Gould, assisted by her brothers. It is of the most solid and substantial construction, inside and out, and the grounds and intervening stream have been most tastefully treated, under the





personal direction of Miss Gould, who always spends part of each Summer here, in her Kirkside cottage.

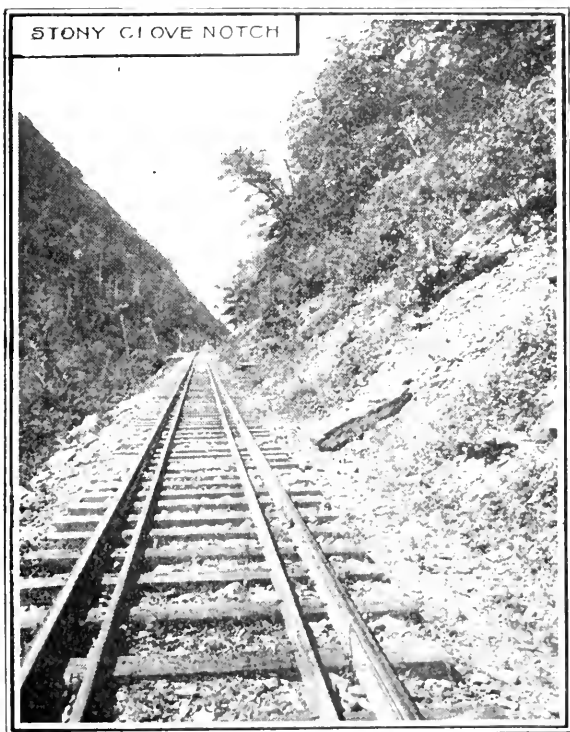
The high mountains have now been left behind, and the character of the wayside, though still rugged and thickly set with rocks, stones and stumps, becomes more expansive in its pastoral features. We are, however, gradually ascending all the time, and soon enter a deep gorge, where the shelving rock jutting out almost over our heads, on the right, brings a brief return of rugged grandeur, and for the last time on this trip. Emerging from this we arrive at the Grand Gorge Station, with the pretty little hamlet, formerly known as Moresville, nestling gracefully a short ride down in the valley, in full view soon after leaving the station. Stages over good roads and through a charming section are taken here for Prattsville, that famous old Sum-

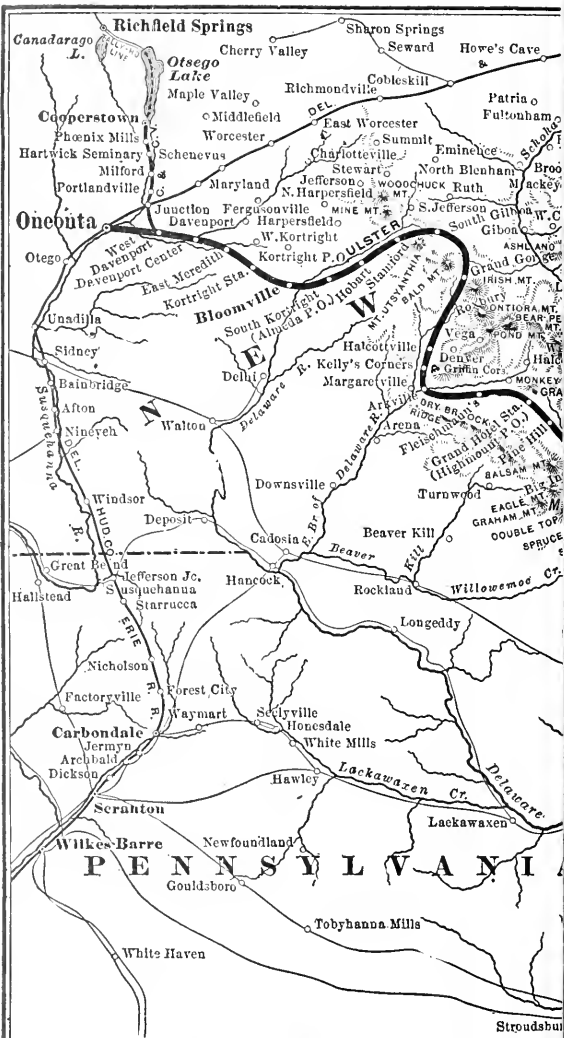


THE WITTENBERG'S DEEPEST SHADOWS.

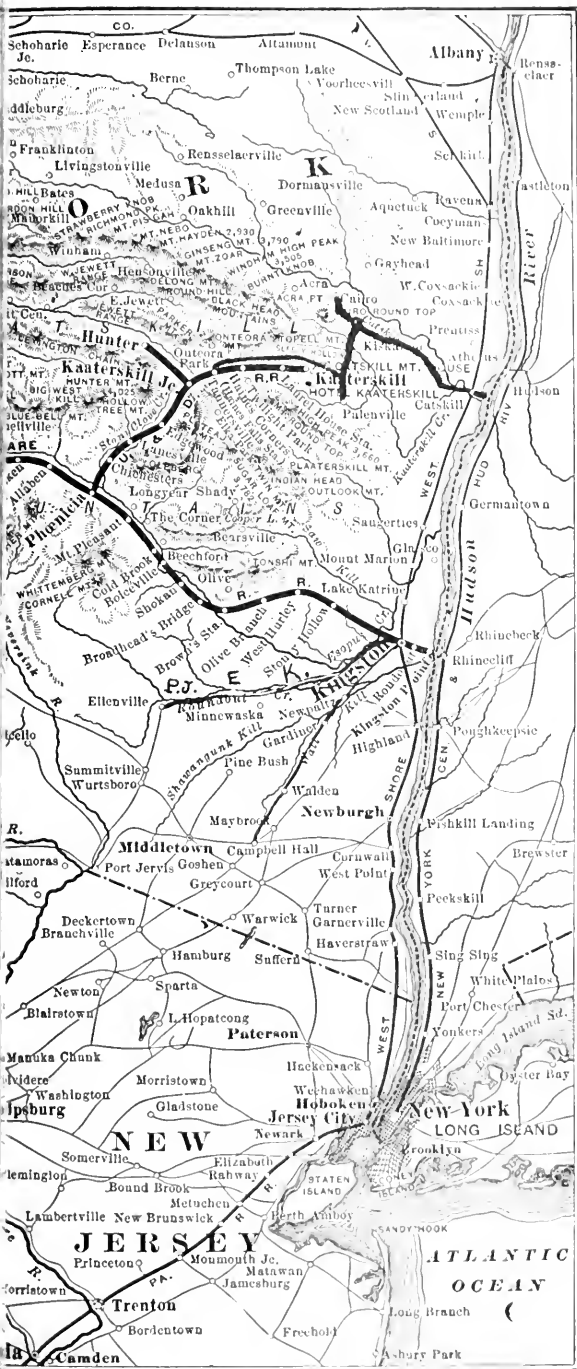
mer resort, five miles away, founded by the sturdy old tanner, Colonel Zadoek Pratt, and also for Gilboa, three miles distant. Both are on the Schoharie Creek, which dominates the drainage system of the northeastern Catskills. The old village of Pratisville is invested with a historic halo dating back nearly two hundred years. This, together with the rare native charms of its environment, Devasego Falls, Pratt's Rocks, where the marks of the antediluvian currents are plainly visible, and its quiet, thickly shaded streets make it an ideal spot with a certain class of visitors.

Six miles now of sloping, rocky, stumpy fields, with dairy herds in every lot, and an occasional farm house, with its red barns along the public road, brings us to South Gilboa, which is of no importance as a station except that it marks the summit of the railway track in Delaware, 1,771 feet above tide.





Easton





A sharp curve to the left and a three-mile run on this new southwesterly course brings the village of Stamford in view, which, being in the western margin of the Catskills, ends this part of our trip.



SCENE AT STAMFORD.

Here is the ideal village resort of the mountains, seventy-five miles from the Hudson and 1,800 feet above it. There is a normal population of one thousand, which is more than doubled in the Summer. It has every modern equipment for comfort and pleasure, all of which are under a progressive and careful corporate control. The walks are nicely flagged, with an abundance of Maple shade; the many cottages are neatly designed and surrounded by well-kept lawns, and all the buildings are attractively painted and decorated. There are five pretty churches, a Seminary, gas and electric lights, public water and sewer systems, and two weekly newspapers. One of these, the Stamford Mirror, is among the oldest in the State, and is still edited, owned and published by its founder, Simon B. Champion, who was the first to publish what is now known as "local news." It was in the Mirror office that Jay Gould served for a time as an apprentice in his youthful days.

The financial magnate was a great friend of "Champ," as he is familiarly known to all newspaper men, and he maintained these intimate relations with him, which since his death have been fostered by his daughter Helen.

In those early days of newspaper making the bulk of the news published in the New York daily papers was from London, Paris and other foreign countries. Domestic affairs were regarded of minor importance. "Champ" reversed this order and began



SUMMER HOME, STAMFORD.

to print local gossip, incurring the enmity of his neighbors at first. But very soon the reaction came, and his little *Mirror* attained a circulation that outstripped most other country weeklies in the State.

There are many large Summer hotels in this charming village, some are elaborately fitted with every modern appliance, and all are attractive in design, neatly painted and surrounded by well-kept lawns. There is also a sumptuous little banking house, where the thrifty landlords may store their Summer profits, with many shops and stores and a fine Opera House, where they can spend them. In Churchill Park is a series of pretty lakelets, affording boating facilities; quaint rustic cottages and handsome drives. Out on Lake street is the handsome Chateau de Navarre, and other unique cottages with spacious grounds attractively planted. In addition to all this there is Mount Utsayantha, 3,365 feet high, which rises almost from the village streets and commands one of the most extended views in this portion of the range, including twenty thousand square miles of mountain territory, with thirty prominent peaks. From its observatory the visitor may look into four different States, and

For special information and full details regarding Stamford address any of the houses named here:

Rexmere.	Lawrence Cottage.
Churchill Hall.	Manor House.
Hamilton House.	Delaware House.
Greycourt Inn.	Powell Farm.
Kendall Place.	Cedarhurst.
Grant House.	Wardwell Farm.
Westholm.	Utsayantha Lake House.
Madison.	Park Cottage.
Atchinson House.	Gregory Cottage.
Cornell House.	Boyd Cottage.
Terry Homestead.	Rosemont.
Far View House.	Maynard Farm House.
Ingleside.	Maple Lane House.
Greenhurst.	The Cornell House.
Maple Rest.	



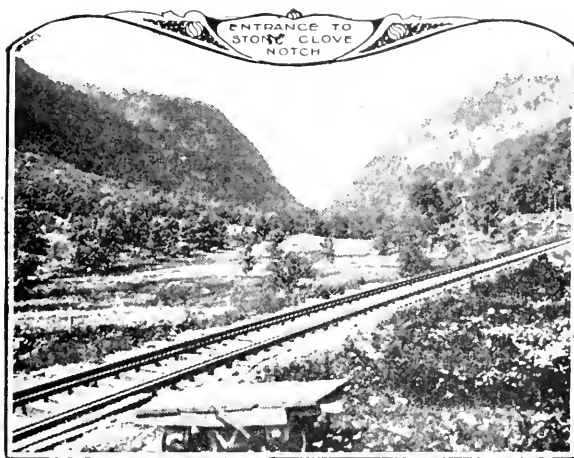
LOCK MARIAN AND TRAPPER'S LODGE.

get a glimpse of Albany and Schenectady on a clear day. The crest is reached by a short and easy carriage drive. The Locomobile has just been introduced in this charming village by a local company, and visitors may now enjoy the novelty over these undulated and scenic drives of mountainous Delaware.



THROUGH THE STONY CLOVE

Returning now to Phoenicia, in the Ulster and Delaware Valley, we may continue our mountain journey to the other and more eastern section of the range, where visitors also congregate in large numbers. This will include the older Greene County region, where the Summer boarding business began many years before the Ulster and Western section was known at all, except to tanners, barkmen and woodsmen in general. The only connection between these regions is through the famous mountain pass known as Stony Clove and Notch. This is a wonderful canyon



to which pages might well be devoted. No visitor can afford to miss a trip through it, whether it be by train, carriage or bicycle; either of the latter being preferable under suitable conditions and circumstances, if the purpose be pleasure or investigation.

Curving gently over the Esopus from the main line of the railway, and through the little hamlet of Phoenicia, it will be observed there is a steady ascent in grade, and this continues until the Notch itself is reached. Some of the heaviest grades of the rails will be found on this division, and with the little engines of the old narrow gauge track used in former years it was often a serious struggle, attended with problematic results. For it must be remembered that the maximum elevation is now to be attained. This altitude in the Notch is 2,071 feet, 1,273 feet of which must be made in ten miles. After the first two miles a little manufacturing hamlet is seen far down in the valley on the left, where the native woods are converted into

chairs, office furniture and fine cabinet work. Chichester is the name of the place, in honor of that family which emigrated from Wales.

And here in midsummer we find the Mountain Laurel (*Kalmia Latifolia*) in all its glory, the entire slope of the mountain being a solid mass of this gorgeous pink bloom, which is also abundant in other parts of the range, the time of bloom depending on the elevation. Other wildwood flowers and plants abound all through this valley in great variety, and the air is often filled with the mingled fragrance, as the varieties bloom in succession. In the bottom of the narrow valley, which is now always on the left, is the Stony Clove creek, babbling its merry way in gentle rifts and cascades toward the old Esopus, and covering a goodly supply of trout. There is an occasional mill, pretty farm houses where boarders are entertained, and neat little churches and schools at intervals. A fair wagon road winds along in harmony with the stream, from which the steep and stony bits of meadow slant intensely upward, and there is beauty all the way.

Lanesville is the next little group of houses where a few visitors gather to enjoy the Summer in a modest and quiet way, fishing and loafing at leisure, with scant regard to style or formality. There are no regular hotels in this valley.

The mountains now become higher, more rugged and grand. Over across the valley are Steeple Mountain and Burnt Knob, trending backward and upward from the stream with their gigantic vertebrae of rock piercing the clouds. One after an-



other these soaring crags now come into view, with gorges deep and dark all between. Now and then far back in these ravines, where some courageous mountain farmer has cleared a strip of land and carved out a bit of meadow, we see his humble dwelling and little barn standing out like dice cubes against the massive green slope of the mountain.

At length we pull up at Edgewood, just below the entrance

to the Notch, and at the head of the valley. The remains of an old chair-stock factory, a saw mill and not a small group of houses are about all we see to the credit of man, and it will be seen that throughout this valley the sublime supremacy of nature has been little disturbed.

We are off now for the final 280 feet of the ascent, with a bit over a mile to do it in. The famous Notch is just ahead and the mountain slopes are rapidly drawing together. The car



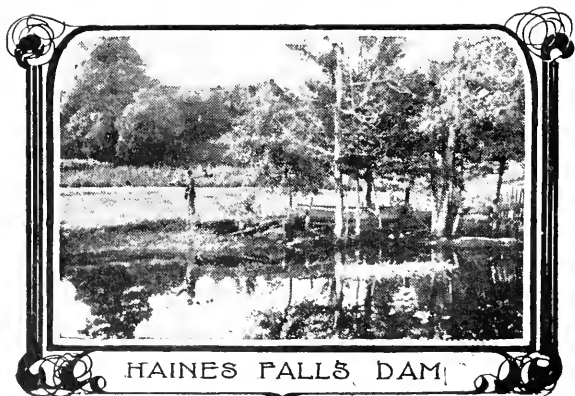
finally reaches the summit level in the great gap or crevice. We must look straight upward to find the sky between the perpendicular walls of rock on either side, and there is scant space at the bottom for the rails and the wagon road, which battle for the right of way. Hunter Mountain, the second highest crag in the range, and 4,038 feet above tide, is over on the left, though not itself visible from this point, and Plateau Mountain is on the right. The cool, bracing air to which you have already become somewhat accustomed in the range is here chilled to a still lower degree, and you reach for the overcoat and the wraps, which every prudent Catskill visitor will be careful to bring.





This marvellous cleavage of the crags is a most interesting problem to the geologist who attempts to account for it, and scientific men differ greatly on this point. At what particular stage of the world's history this mighty fissure in the rocks, this splitting asunder of the towering mountain, occurred, is all a mystery. Dame Nature closes the door in our face at the end of every avenue of speculation, and we can only end our quest with wonder and admiration. The transverse strata of rock on either side correspond closely in character and elevation, showing that they were once joined together. But as to the cyclopean force which split the mass asunder a few rods and then held the parts immovable, it remains engulfed in the sea of interrogation in the realm of science.

The grade is now downward for a short run, and then the valley expands materially. From Kaaterskill Junction a two-mile spur of track leads to the quaint old village of Hunter, which deserves special mention. It is one of the older boarding sections of the Catskills to which visitors rode in stages over the many long and steep miles from the Hudson long before the advent of the iron horse. And they came in considerable numbers, too, to spend most of the Summer in the quiet old town, where the rollicking Schoharie Creek is the noisiest inhabitant, if not, indeed, the most important feature. This stream here presents the anomalous spectacle of running directly away from the very river it is most eager to reach. Having begun its career a few miles east of Hunter, and only some ten miles from the Hudson, it takes a great circular sweep northward toward the Mohawk River, emptying with it into the Hudson above Troy and then passing down within ten miles of the starting point, after a tortuous course of 175 miles.



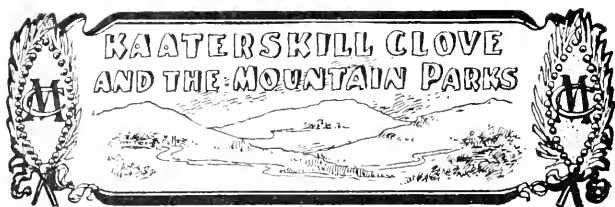
HAINES FALLS DAM

But the purpose of this is obvious in view of the peculiar physical structure of this portion of the range. For this stream, with its tributaries, furnishes the entire drainage system for these interior highlands of the Catskills.

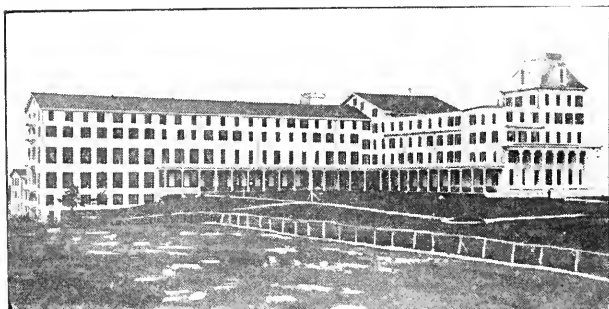
Hunter is well supplied with hotels and boarding houses large and small. There are churches, stores, shops, a fine public school building, and a weekly newspaper. Among the larger hotels are the Hunter, Central, St. Charles, West End, Kaatsberg, Prospect and Arlington. The favorite regions of Lexington, Heasonville, Windham, Jewett Heights and intervening points are reached by stage from this station. Driving is exceptionally popular in this locality because of the fine roads upon which the enterprising people have spent large sums of money in a sensible and permanent way, adding greatly to the comfort and enjoyment of Summer life there. Towering mountains encircle the village and there is a wealth of scenic attraction all around. Over across the creek is "Colonel's Chair" peak, 3,165 feet in height, a spur of Hunter mountain in the rear, before alluded to. Both are reached by comparatively easy paths through the forest.

We may now either resume our railway journey at the Junction, or proceed by carriage toward the great, populous region of the eastern Catskills. In either case Tannersville is the first point reached. This is another very old and famous Summer section, the name being due to the extensive tanning interest which was established there early in the last century. The hotel facilities are abundant and of varied character; and it is said that over two thousand guests can be entertained. On the mountain slopes facing the village are several attractive parks belonging to various well known social clubs and other associations. Onteora Park, on the north, contains a fine group of handsome cottages owned by people of wealth and prominence, including the fine mountain home of the noted actress, Maude Adams. Over on the spruce top slope, directly across the valley and near the source of the Schoharie, is Elka Park, with Schoharie Manor Park adjoining. The general altitude of the valley is now 1,863 feet. The new station building here of the Ulster & Delaware road is the finest in the mountains.





Another mile up the valley is Haines Corners and Falls, an old and hallowed Summer section, where no reader should ever feel content with any pen and ink description, however assisted in the portrayal by the camera or the engraver's art. The great popularity of the region is shown by the life and bustle at the station. We are now at the head of the widely famous canyon



HOTEL KAATERSKILL, REAR VIEW.

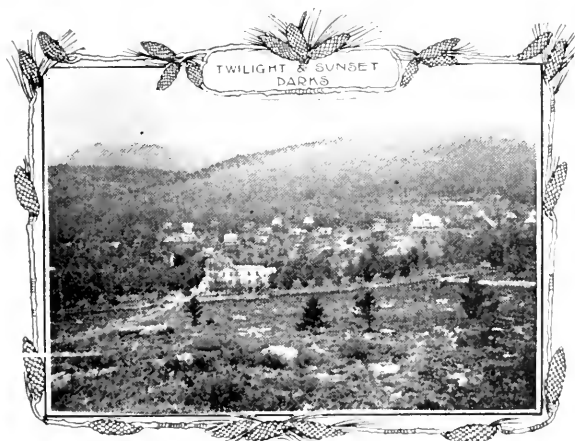
known as Kaaterskill Clove, the like of which for scenic charm Nature never duplicated. No man can stand here looking down through the great gorge to the Hudson River and far beyond, without a thrill of admiration and wonder that reaches back to the Supreme Creator of it all. The sublime and transcendent vastness of the scene seems for a time to obscure all the works of man that the crowded all about; for nothing that he has done has been able to despoil or deface the mighty chisellings of Nature in this great Clove. We stand nearly 2,000



HOTEL KAATERSKILL, FROM HUDSON RIVER.

feet above the sea, and from this dizzy precipice the mountain water plunges in foaming grandeur and beauty down 160 feet, and then goes on tumbling lower through the bottom of the gorge by a series of cascades and rapids, descending 1,200 feet more in four miles, to Palenville at the entrance of the Clove. Concerning the trip down the road leading through this Clove the reader can be safely left with his imagination. Half way down is a lateral gorge, through which the Kaaterskill stream tumbles joyously and finally joins the waters from Haines Falls.

The mighty crag of Mount Lincoln, which rises like a titanic buttress to the sky on the right, 3,661 feet in the air, forms the south wall of the Clove. Here at its base, just across the Falls, are the noted Parks of Sunset, Twilight and Santa Cruz, located in this order along the slope of the gorge. The numerous attractive cottages, casinos and club houses contrast beautifully with the mountain setting as seen from the train. These parks are always filled with Summer residents, among whom are many prominent and wealthy people in society and business circles of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other cities. Housekeeping cares and the mandates of fashion are largely avoided and evaded in these rustic mountain homes, and life is highly enjoyable, with the proper conditions of rest, change of air and scene most happily combined. All about this historic locality are hotels, large and small, the Antlers being among the more capacious and modernly fitted. Sunset Park Inn was built last year and is one of the finest and most completely appointed hotels in that section. It stands on a magnificent site above Haines Falls and will this season be managed by that noted boniface, Mr. C. E. Leland.



Now, after two more of these charming miles, which, by the way, cannot be fully enjoyed in the train, we are at the old Laurel House, at the head of Kaaterskill Falls, that "best place of work in the woods," where artists of renown have vainly labored for a century to enchain the picture upon canvas. The house itself is mainly important now by reason of the hallowed associations that cluster about the spot. The genial and popular old landlord has gone to his reward and few changes

In the resort will be noted. But the Falls, the Gorge, the mountains and the massive green slopes, all these are just as wonderful as ever, just as supremely beautiful to-day as they were a hundred years ago, barring the unfortunate ravages of a forest fire three years ago, which are now disappearing. We can still go down the hundreds of steps, walk behind the foaming cataract as it leaps from the rock out through the air and down 180 feet, and then takes another plunge of eighty feet. There we may look through the mist and spray and see the rainbow at midday. Then, on our return, we can stand on the platform at the top and look down the entrancing gorge into the Kaaterskill **Clove** and over against the massive breast of Mount Lincoln, getting another view also of the park settlement.

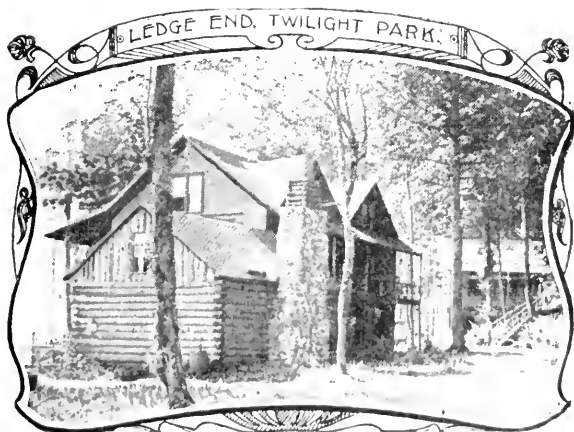
We now have the choice of continuing in the train to its eastern terminus on Kaaterskill Lake, or walking up Kaaterskill Mountain by path or road, or driving thither, as may be preferred; for the Hudson River valley and plain is surely the object of our vision at this stage of the journey. The path is less than a mile, if you don't lose your way; the road one-half more, and the track also a short mile. At the end of the latter, 2,141 feet above the sea, is the pretty Kaaterskill Lake, so much enjoyed for its fishing and boating facilities by thousands every Summer.





A short ride from the lake, though intensely up-hill, and shorter still by the foot path, brings us to the great Hotel Kaaterskill, that mammoth mountain resort of the world, which attracted so much attention when it was built, twenty years ago, because of the magnitude of the enterprise and the boldness of its consummation. In a single season this vast hotel and its complement of buildings were begun and completed on this mountain top, the crest being cleared and graded, and a complete system of roadways constructed. It took an army of men and nearly a million dollars in money to get the resort open for business in the Summer of 1881. The project involved also a carriage road up the front face of the steep crag from Palenville on the river side, there being then no railroad in that portion of the range. This of itself was an engineering feat over which celebrated Philadelphia engineers struggled for a time and finally gave up as impossible, the work being completed in brilliant style by a native mountaineer, unlimited means being placed at his disposal. This famous road is to-day regarded as a triumph of mountain engineering, although it is no longer used to convey guests to the hotel, having been superseded by the railways. And yet every visitor is advised to make a trip down this celebrated Harding Road, where the grandeur and beauty of the Kaaterskill canyon is seen at its best.

The hotel will accommodate over a thousand guests, and it is fully provided with modern appliances for comfort and luxury, having a large Opera House, immense dining room, electric lights, etc. The view is unobstructed and most ex-





UPPER KATTERSKILL FALLS.

tended. The river gleams like a silver ribbon in the distant sunlight and moonlight; cities, villages, hamlets, lakes and farms dot the valley and plain for fifty miles and more in picturesque variety and beauty. The entire mountain is embraced in Kaaterskill Park, having a complete system of drives, roadways and paths which are kept in good repair. The air is excellent, and it is the coolest resort now open in the range, the elevation being about 2,500 feet. It is the centre of fashion and gay Summer life in the Catskills, and it still remains under the general supervision and management of the Harding estate. Mr. George Harding, the distinguished projector and owner, having died last Fall. Many improvements and changes will be noted at this famous resort this season, the hotel having been thoroughly renovated throughout. The rotunda has been enlarged and provided with a huge open fire-place, which is also a new feature in the great parlor. An attractive Rathskeller will replace the old barroom, and in addition to the daily concerts and weekly hops there will be a series of vaudeville performances. New sanitary open plumbing and improved athletic grounds are among other new features.



From this airy summit there are a large number of delightful mountain paths radiating in all directions and covering a variety of scenic features. The path leading to the famous Sunset Rock should not be missed by any visitor. The descent is short and gentle, being partly by the road if desired. Standing on this overhanging rock, with the yawning chasm nearly two thousand feet below, one may look away to the head of the Clove and see the foaming Haines cataract in its emerald setting of mountain leafage and rugged rocks, and the fringe of rustic cottages. This view at the sunset hour is a picture of entrancing beauty over which artists have raved and labored to reproduce. Another favorite ramble is out to the "Bowlder," a gigantic rock on the forefront of the mountain. From this the view of river and valley is superb.

SANTA CRUZ, TWILIGHT &
SUNSET PARKS
FROM
PIAZZA OF LAUREL HOUSE



The famous old Catskill Mountain House is about a mile toward the northeast, and there are many charming paths leading over the mountain to it. That along the front edge of the crag, with the lovely valley continually in view, is, of course, the most favored. There is a road part of the way, and soon after leaving this a series of rock strata juts out over the valley, hanging almost in midair at times at this dizzy height, from which the inspiring view challenges description, the altitude being over 2,500 feet. Many wild freaks of nature in the way of rock formation and fissures will be found on the way as the historic old resort is approached. In fact, it is a veritable rock garden, with the conglomerate structure always predominating, clearly showing the action of water during the diluvian epoch, if not prior

thereto. Some of these features are locally known as the "Lemon Squeezer," "Alligator Head," "Elfin Pass," "Druid Rocks," "The Sphinx," "Pudding Stone Hall," "Eagle Rock," etc.

A sharp descent at last brings us to the Old Mountain House, on that famous table rock which overhangs the valley. Here it was that "Shandaken," the old Indian Chief, once had his wigwam and dwelt with his beautiful daughter, "Lotowana."

We stand in front of this ancient pile, with these great white columns so plainly seen from the river now at our back. We look down, down and away in every direction, and feel that in spite of the graphic rehearsals of eighty years, and all the inspirations of poets and artists, the half has not been told, and never will be. We see in the immediate foreground an inclined railway leading up and down the steep face of the mountain, with an occasional bit of the old stage roadway here and there in the forest slope, and are, perhaps, disturbed by the inharmonious feature. But we must content ourselves with the sacrifice upon the altar of practical necessity.

Here, year after year, we have seen that venerable old pioneer of the Catskills, Mr. Charles L. Beach, white and bent beneath ninety and more Winters of earthly existence. But he will be missed now, having been called home. Talking with him, we found a mountain enthusiast of the most dogmatic type, with a vast fund of reasoning for the supremacy of the Catskills over every other and any other mountains on the globe—a man with a most interesting history.

Journeying mountainward from Catskill Landing, or Village, there is much of interest in and about the old town itself which should be noted. On a slight bluff near the Point landing is the large resort known as the Prospect Park Hotel, standing in an extensive park of cedar and other trees and shrubbery. The house is capacious, though somewhat antiquated now, but the location is very desirable, and there are excellent facilities for boating and all other outdoor sports, with the full village equipment right at hand.

The old Grant House, on the heights above the village, is another large resort greatly favored by quiet loving visitors, who prefer to rest amid distinctively rural features and surroundings. It is situated on a bend of the Catskill Creek, and overlooks the village and river in a charming way. There are also smaller resorts, both in the village and its suburbs, and the Summer population of the place is always largely increased.

Of course it was here,

"Just on the edge of the sleepy town,
In a tiny cottage timeworn and brown,
With a scolding wife and a fair-haired child,"

that old Rip Van Winkle spent the historic years of his marital infelicity, and to this spot he returned, tottering and unknown, after his long mountain nap. But the visitor will find other and more modern objects of interest about this traditional old Dutch village of Catskill. Among them is a finely equipped Y. M. C. A. building, just completed through the munificent liberality of one of the older Summer citizens who belongs to an honored Catskill ancestry and was once a poor Catskill boy.

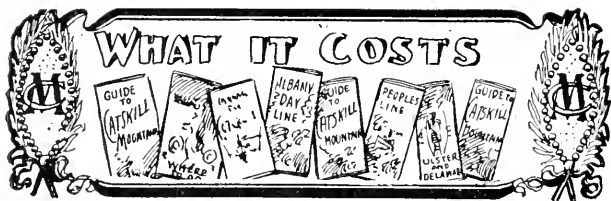
Proceeding up this railway we find also that many leave the train at Leeds and other way stops for the quiet intervening sections dotted here and there among the foothills. At South Cairo a branch line leads to the Cairo section proper, and this in fact is the only practicable route to that well-known and long-favored

old boarding region where so many hundreds gather year after year; as it is also for Durham, Freehold, Gayhead and other adjacent points below the mountain in that part of Greene County.

Following the main line of the railway, however, we next arrive at the station for the Otis Elevating road, at the base of South Mountain. Those destined for the higher resorts must there take the inclined ear up the crag, assuming that few will care in these days to make the long and tedious ascent by stage, which years ago was the only method. Arriving at the top in ten or fifteen minutes, the passenger must again change cars for the Catskill & Tannersville Railway, unless he desires to reach the old Catskill Mountain House, which is only a few rods up the slope, by a series of easy stairways. Hotel Kaaterskill may also be reached by this route after a two-mile stage drive, mostly uphill. Haines Corners and Tannersville are the leading stations on this narrow gauge line.

The termination of the railway at the base of the mountain is at Palenville, the entrance to Kaaterskill Clove. And for this populous and charming Summer section this Catskill Mountain Railway is the only available route. Here we get a view up the great canyon. The little hamlet has a lovely environment, and many hotels; with a fine public school building, a cozy little church, built in the midst of babbling brooks and foaming cascades, and a wealth of other attractions for the Summer loiterer. Enticing paths lead upward to various points fabled in the romantic legend of Rip Van Winkle, and other mountain lore, including the spot where the happy old soul took his long sleep, Fawn's Leap, and other places of local renown.

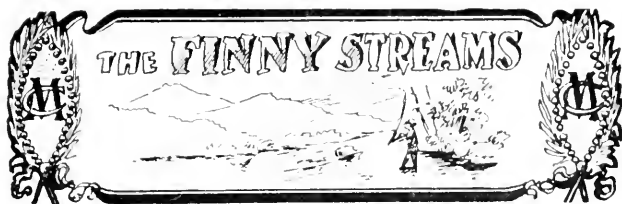




The cost of this outing among the Catskills depends so largely upon the conditions and circumstances governing the requirements and notions of the visitor that no definite figures can well be given. Some general data that will assist in the formation of an approximate estimate can, however, be set forth. Those desiring the special rates of board at the different points, with full details as to rooms, accommodations and entertainment, will do well to make early application, either in person or by letter, to some one of the "AMERICAN" Information Bureaus, where booklets and circulars of the various resorts and railway and steamboat lines are freely furnished, and all questions are courteously answered.

The fare on the West Shore and New York Central railways is two cents a mile. On the Ulster & Delaware system, from Kingston, it is three cents a mile to all points in the range reached by this line. By river steamboat the fare varies slightly in accordance with the line selected. The steamers of the New York & Albany Day line have a schedule rate of \$1.25 to Kingston Point and \$1.50 to Catskill, with round trip tickets at \$2.25 and \$2.75, respectively. The excursion rate to Phoenicia via Ulster & Delaware is \$3.95; to Kaaterskill, \$5.10; Grand Hotel, \$4.75; Pine Hill, \$4.65, and to Stamford, \$6.75. Passage on the Mary Powell to Kingston costs \$1, with a round trip rate of \$1.50. By the Kingston night line it is 75 cents, and \$1.25 both ways. Landing at Catskill from the Day Line steamers and thence by the Catskill Mountain Railway, the excursion rate to the Otis Summit at the Old Mountain House or Tannersville is \$4.85; to Cairo or Palenville, \$4.75. By the steamers of the Catskill Evening Line the fare is somewhat less, and by rail all the way from New York it is considerably more.

The cost of board varies so greatly that only a general idea can be conveyed here. All the way between \$4 and \$30 per week the figures will be found. The higher prices prevail at the large and fashionable hotels located on the higher mountains, and the lower prices in the plains and valleys, with corresponding accommodations as to rooms, furniture and hotel equipment in general. Good plain, simple board may be had even at \$5 a week, with plenty of good, wholesome food, well cooked, and fair sleeping facilities. But of course there will be no style or formality in the service, and the rooms will not be large. But the air is usually good, though not so cool and strong as at the higher altitudes; the scenery is abundant, and the "extras" will not pile up so rapidly as they do at the big resorts. This cost of a Catskill sojourn depends almost entirely upon what the visitor requires or thinks he must have for himself or his family. Private baths, fine furnishings and fancy dinners, with a vast variety of special dishes and a formal table service, must be well paid for here, as elsewhere, and generous "retaining fees" to waiters, porters, bell boys and chambermaids can also be indulged in by the rich and affluent. But one may also live at the best resorts at moderate cost, and get the best air, eat the best food, enjoy the best scenery and have the best rest, if he so desires, and use a little common sense.



The purling streams of sparkling water make an ideal home for the brook trout, that princely member of the finny realm. The slopes and valleys are profusely threaded with roaring creeks and murmuring brooks, in which the speckled beauties disport with abounding joy and content. Much has been said and written of fishing in the Catskills, and the average angler may come here, enjoy the sport and tell of his success with less of fense to his conscience and more pride perhaps than would be possible in most other fishing regions. There is a goodly supply of fish under favorable conditions, and the fact that they are wary and gamy will not be questioned. One may cast his fly or "chuck his worm" here with such success as his skill and patience warrant. There are miles upon miles of good trout water still outside the domain of the rapacious sporting clubs, where even the mountain lad astounds the scientific disciples of Walton by his "luck" with his bent pin and vile earth worm at the end of a bit of twine. Biscuit Brook, the Neversink, Head of the Rondout, the East and West branches of the Delaware, the Beavertkill, Dry Brook, Bushkill, Watson Hollow Brook, Emory Brook, the Esopus Creek, Stony Clove Creek, Mink Hollow Brook, the Big Indian Valley streams, Kaaterskill Creek, Haines Falls Water and the rollicking Schoharie—who has not heard of these famous streams?

But the successful angler must bring skill as well as fancy rods and a gorgeous array of flies and other paraphernalia. The trout is keen witted and shy, and he must be captured by deception and combat. The careless, bungling, happy-go-lucky wharf fisher better stay out of the woods or come prepared to buy his fish. It is skill, not luck, that counts along these brooks. If the theoretical city fisherman is often surprised and disgusted with the catch of the barefooted mountain boy who has grown up along these streams and has learned the habits of trout, knows where to find them and how to deceive them with the least fuss and commotion, it is simply the result of his superior skill, that's all. The lad never gets excited at the supreme moment and rarely loses the big fish which are so apt to escape the complicated devices of the enthusiastic angler. Water which the latter has whipped for hours and abandoned as finless will often yield a fine string of fish under the primitive methods of the native fisher. But all this adds a keener zest to the efforts of the visitor, who studies these native methods with peculiar interest and soon learns that skill is the prime factor of success. In any event, unlimited exercise is assured, and if the novice fails to fill his creel with the savory victims of his patient efforts he is sure of receiving therapeutic benefit, which may be of even greater importance.

Trout are supremely happy in very little water, and fine, big fish are often found in very small brooks. But they are even more wary here than in the larger streams, and the fisher must

get in his hook with extreme caution because of the transparent water, and woe be unto him who makes a noisy misstep or crackling sound amid the overhanging branches.

The large hotels are not open at the early fishing season of April and May, but good food and comfortable beds can usually be found at the smaller houses and even some of the farmhouses. With a well-fitted tent and plenty of warm clothing and blankets, one may camp along the stream. But in that case a hamper of plain, substantial food in concentrated form is always desirable, as well as a few cooking utensils. The flesh of a brook trout is of the most delicate texture, as every sportsman knows, and for this reason the fish is never so delicious as when cooked in the woods fresh from the stream.





Since the publication of this Guide in 1902 two of the most noted and historic personages identified with the history and development of the Catskills as a Summer resort have been removed by death. Both were men of distinction and prominence, and they were alike enthusiastic and zealous in their admiration of the Catskill Mountains and their boundless advantages and possibilities for Summer life, Summer rest and Summer enjoyment. The one was doubtless the pioneer Summer mountain landlord of the world, with an undying faith in the virtues of Catskill Mountain air, and their scenic supremacy. The other, just as strongly imbued with the beauties and advantages of the region, evinced the sincerity and courage of his convictions in the boldest and most energetic manner, making it possible for thousands to enjoy the native charms of these glorious mountains who might otherwise never have visited them. That these two men should pass from earth away within a few weeks of each other may be regarded as a strange coincidence.

MR. CHARLES L. BEACH.

This veteran boniface of the mountains, who died last October at the age of ninety-four, was the pioneer landlord of the Catskills, and the proprietor of the far-famed Catskill Mountain House, which now begins its eighty-first consecutive season. He began the entertainment of guests in that Pine Orchard hostelry long before mountain hotels were thought of. Only a few friends of the family visited him at that overhanging rock in midair at first, and these came by invitation. His house was small and not much like a hotel at that time. Artists and authors of note were conspicuous among these early visitors. They came to sketch and describe the scenic charms, but they lingered to become entranced and enchanted with the grand old crags, the primeval forests and the sublime waterfalls and canyons. These visitors soon increased so rapidly that Mr. Beach was compelled to build larger and make a business of this Summer entertainment, adding to his facilities in various ways. He built the first fine mountain road up the face of that vast South Mountain crag, winding it in and out to avoid the radical grades as he owned almost the entire mountain. Finally he established a stage line in Summer from the river landing at Catskill Point to his mountain hotel, and his guests soon began to come in hundreds instead of scores. This was then the only practical route to the mountains. The house was again enlarged from time to time, until the present dimensions were attained, which was nearly fifty years ago.

Mr. Beach drove a coach to the Mountain House on July 4, 1823, which was his first visit there. In that year his father, one of the first white settlers in the region, had organized the Catskill Mountain Association, which at once erected a rude shanty

upon the site for the accommodation of visitors and began the building of the Mountain House, which was opened to the public in 1824. This was leased by Mr. Beach in 1842 and purchased by him two years later. Since then the property, which now includes nearly 3,000 mountain acres, has remained in his possession uninterrupted.

Mr. Beach was a man of rare intelligence, with a goodly fund of general knowledge pertaining to his time. He was closely identified with staging in New York State in the early days of long distance stage travel, which was then the only method of travel by land. In his younger days he drove a stage from Ithaca to New York, and was a noted whip years before the advent of railways. The details of that traffic were related to the writer for publication by Mr. Beach in a graphic and most interesting manner some years ago. He always attributed his health and long life to his yearly sojourn on the mountain. He kept the mountain forests inviolate and would not permit the cutting of a single tree on any property under his control except when absolutely necessary, regarding the despoliation of the primitive woodland as an act of vandalism. And to him the innovations of the incline railway up his mountain, and other changes demanded by the increasing population of the region, seemed a desecration of nature to which he never became fully reconciled. He was a man of strong individuality and great self-reliance. During his active control of the Mountain House he would not permit his agents at Catskill Point to influence visitors to enter his stages in waiting there. Their instructions were to say merely, "This way for stages to the Catskill Mountain House," and this was the policy pursued in the management of the resort.

MR. GEORGE HARDING.

This distinguished lawyer and capitalist of Philadelphia was a man of a different type, and in some respects quite the opposite of Mr. Beach in his views. While his respect for and admiration of nature were fully as strong, he believed in progressive development and the full utilization of these transcendent charms and advantages of nature in the highest degree. Having great force of character and indomitable energy, he was a man peculiarly fitted for the planning and consummation of large projects. His professional career as a noted patent lawyer fitted him for the development of large enterprises, and his methods were bold and brilliant. Having a well-matured plan, he would lose no time in carrying it forward. It was simply a question of men and means, and these he employed without stint.

But for his friend Mr. Beach Mr. Harding may indeed never have come into the Catskills at all. His attention might never have been directed to the rare advantages of these mountains as a Summer resort had he not become a guest of the Catskill Mountain House over twenty years ago. It will thus be seen how difficult it is to estimate the precise share of the Catskill development which belongs to each of these noted men. But it is not necessary to divide the honors so carefully.

Mr. Harding took a more liberal view of the possibilities of the Catskills than any other man. And when he purchased Kaaterskill Mountain and so many other large tracts of wild land in that wondrously picturesque vicinity in 1880 there was a project in his mind the unfolding of which dazzled the community with its boldness and magnitude.

In nine months the wild and rugged crest of that mountain

was cleared and an immense hotel erected, with a large number of other necessary structures. The mountain was laid out as a Park, with a complete system of roads and drives, and the wonderful Harding road up the eastern face of the crag from Palenville was built. It took an army of men and almost a million dollars to do it, as all the material had to be drawn up the ascent of over 2,500 feet by teams, there being no railroads. But the great mountain resort was opened to the public early in July, 1881.

Mr. Harding had an abounding faith in the power and influence of the public press, and he believed in the judicious use of printing ink. To him, more than any other man, credit is due for the fame and popularity of the Catskills as a Summer resort. He employed every legitimate means to bring the beauties and advantages of the region to the notice and attention of the public far and wide. And in these efforts he was most heartily supported and assisted by the newspaper press generally, which has been a much greater factor in this Catskill development than is usually accorded to it.

Visitors came by thousands, a large majority of whom had never before heard of the Catskills. The great hotel was thronged with guests, and the older houses were also filled with new visitors. New hotels were built at various points and most of the older houses were enlarged and improved. The railway through the Stony Clove to Hunter, and subsequently to Kaaterskill Lake, was soon constructed, largely through the efforts of Mr. Harding, and the demands of his vast mountain enterprises, which also brought about the construction of the Catskill Mountain Railway from Catskill to the base of Kaaterskill Mountain, where up to that time visitors had been obliged to journey all the way from the river in stages.

The liberality and public spirit which characterized the enterprise from the outset, has been maintained in the conduct of the resort ever since. Many noted men were brought to the mountains through the efforts of Mr. Harding, including Presidents Grant and Arthur, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, Ambassadors and others of distinction and eminence in the various walks of life.

Mr. Harding was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and he appeared with him and Edwin M. Stanton, in the famous McCormick Reaper case in the State of Illinois. The acquaintance thus formed resulted in making Mr. Stanton Secretary of War, and the offer of Justice of the Supreme Court to Mr. Harding by Mr. Lincoln, which he, however, declined. In the practice of his profession as a patent attorney he is said to have received very large fees. One of \$160,000, and two others of \$100,000 each, are credited to him. His death occurred in November last, and by his will the famous resort was left to his son and daughter, who will retain the management as heretofore.

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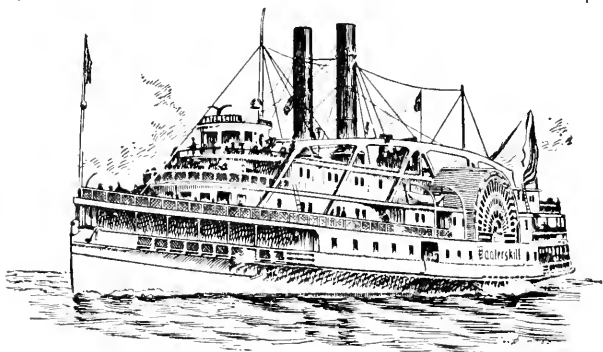
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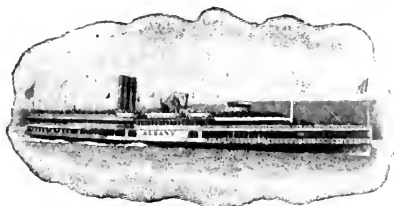
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